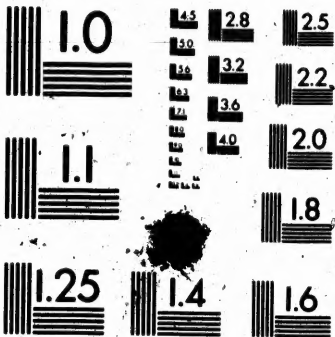




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LEARNED & ELOQUENT LECTURE
AT ST. JAMES' CHURCH
Boston
BY REV. FATHER FIDELIS

(REV. JAMES KENT STONE)

ON THE

Catholic Doctrine of hell,

Analysis of the power of the Senses
for Pleasure and for Pain.

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1878.

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Brilliant picturing of Joy and Sorrow.

Last Wednesday evening, March 27 Rev. Father Fidelis (Rev. James Kent Stone), so well known as a Catholic scholar, orator, and divine, delivered a lecture in St. James' Church, James street on "The Catholic Doctrine of Hell." The church was crowded every seat being occupied. In the sanctuary were seated the clergy of St. James', and the Passionist Fathers, the companions of Father

Stone in giving the great mission now in progress. Before we go further we must present our readers with a brief

SKETCH OF FATHER FIDELIS.

He is a young priest—a convert, formerly a member of the Paulists' community—now a Passionist. In the world, Father Fidelis was James Kent Stone, a son of the Rev. Dr. Stone of Boston, now at the head of the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Cambridge Mass. Kent Stone graduated, with honors, from Harvard, a member of the class of '61. He was immediately offered the Professorship of Latin in Kenyon College, and at the age of 26 he became President of that institution. While there he studied theology with Bishop Mellvaine of Ohio, with a view to becoming an Episcopal clergyman. In 1869 he accepted the Presidency of Hobart College, in Geneva in this State. He was always a ritualist, and he became at length a convert to Catholicism. He took holy orders as a Catholic priest and was for some years a member of the "Congregation of St. Paul" (Paulists), then joined the Austere Order of Passionist. He is the author of one or more Catholic books, is greatly endowed with natural gifts, as a pulpit orator and is noted for an humble, pious, sweet bearing, approachable alike by the poorest and humblest, as well as by those of higher worldly station. Father Fidelis has been constantly engaged in the duties of the mission at St. James every day for the past two weeks. He has preached several times.

HIS SERMON ON THE ANNUNCIATION,

Last Monday, "Our Lady's Day," excited great emotion among the congregation. His first words were, "Wonderful story!" and then he proceeded, depicting the sublime events of the Annunciation and all that followed it. "An angel of God appeared to this fifteen-year old maiden of Nazareth, to announce, what?" And then he depicted the meaning of the Incarnation and Crucifixion of our Lord. The Blessed Virgin, stood at the foot of the Cross transfixed. Her companion had fainted; Mary Magdalen lay prostrate, but the Blessed

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Virgin stood there as a statue of marble, as it the sword for told by Simeon had literally pinned her to a terrible cross. She stood there; darkness came, pious hands moved her to sit down. Pious and reverent hands took the nails out of the bleeding wounds of our Lord; took down the sacred body and laid it upon Mary's lap.

"They left His dead body in the lap of His mother!" exclaimed the preacher. But, meanwhile such was the storm of weeping and, sobbing, excited among his hearers by the vivid delineations of the scene that the reverend gentleman had to stop for some minutes till quiet was restored. Even the clergy in the sanctuary, as well as the people, were affected to tears. Seldom, if ever, has such a scene occurred in any church in this city.

It was in the hurry of all these works that Father Fidelis was called upon to deliver the following lecture

Father Fidelis' Lecture.

Father Fidelis spoke as follows:—

I am called upon, in the press of a busy mission, to speak to you not as a missionary, but as a lecturer; and in coming before you in this character, I find myself ill at ease. Yet it is not for myself that I am nervous, for I belong to an Order which counts it a joy to obey, even at the expense of self-love: but I am anxious on your account, lest in presenting a subject so important as that which has been chosen, I should, by my unskilful hand, and by the hastiness of my preparation, do poor justice to the subject—a subject which has become at this time one of public curiosity. Nevertheless, I trust that the Holy Spirit of Truth may so direct the words spoken, that not only no harm may follow but some real good must be done. One of the most acute, as well as most religious thinkers of the age preceding our own, threw out a remark once which I remember I questioned very strongly when I read it years ago before this

perpetual agitation has begun at all. I refer to the Count De Maistre and the remark which he made was this, that

THE PROTESTANT REFORMERS

in the sixteenth century, with all their shrewdness, made one very great mistake; They had set about the work of remodeling the old faith, of re-adjusting the dogma of Christianity, and they selected and rejected as they chose, they retained what pleased themselves, and threw the rest away. They had a chance then to put together a system of theology which should be satisfactory to the human intellect and to the human heart for all time; but they made one mistake. Among the doctrines of the old church were the two doctrines of purgatory and hell—the doctrine of punishment and yet punishment of two essentially different kinds. Now the protestant reformers, in going over the list of Catholic dogmas, struck out the doctrine of purgatory and retained the doctrine of hell. They should, as shrewd men, consulting the wishes of a selfish and indulgent age, have struck out hell and retained purgatory! (Laughter.) I am quoting Count De Maistre—"I venture to say that the time will come when the leaders of Protestantism will discover their error and will endeavor to rectify it by substituting the doctrine of purgatory for the old dogma of hell, but it will be

TOO LATE."

Too late—that is to save protestantism from inconsistency and, therefore from fatal consequences as a theological system. My dear friends, we have lived to see the day when Protestant teachers are attempting this very change of base which was anticipated by the French philosopher of the last century. Yes Protestantism has passed on its march towards rationalism, skepticism — one by one it has taken up the old doctrine of Christianity, has challenged them, has remanded them to the region of doubt and finally of denial, but the doctrine of the eternal punishment of the wicked was left almost for the very last. The time has come now when this also has been challenged, and we see going on under our very

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eyes, that process which has made up the history of the variations of Protestantism: first the questioning of the doctrine then the bitter attack, and finally the denial. Protestants now are beginning not merely to doubt, not merely to attack, to deny the truth of eternal punishment and before a generation shall have passed away, I think it is not too bold to say that belief in eternal punishment will remain only in the hearts of those who are kept firm by the force of Catholic faith. This discussion which has been going on for the last few months in the newspapers and in the lecture rooms has been only an effort

TO CUT DOWN HELL INTO PURGATORY

to change the doctrine of eternal punishment into that of temporal punishment, a punishment which shall not be retributive, but simply to remove from the soul the stains of sin. Well, my dear friends, this is one of the signs of the times. It is a remarkable fact that in no previous age has there been any general movement of the human intellect against this doctrine of eternal punishment. It is a doctrine which is supported, has been always supported by the moral sense of mankind; a doctrine which was universally believed by pagan nations—who had no idea of a purgatory in the proper sense of the word; a doctrine which is believed now by all those nations which the light of Christianity has never reached; a doctrine which was never assailed by any heresy—I mean, by any man who was able to command such a following as to create a sect. There were individual men who, like Origen, questioned the doctrine of the eternity of punishment, but there was

NO HERESY WHICH EVER AROSE.

upon this point. The doctrine was too plainly taught by the founder of Christianity to admit of a question so long as His divinity was universally admitted. It is a doctrine which was too forcibly and repeatedly proclaimed in the Holy Scriptures to be questioned, so long as the inspiration of those Scriptures was acknow-

ledged. I shall not detain you by any proof of this; I think it will be admitted by you at once. Any one who is familiar with the Scriptures particularly those of the New Testament, will recall text after text which teaches and affirms, in the most solemn manner, the truth that those who wilfully and

OBSTINATELY REJECT THE GRACE

and the mercy of God shall be cast out of His presence into eternal darkness where they shall be forever given over to hopeless and unmitigated woe. So long, then, as the truth of Christianity was never questioned—the fundamental truths of Christianity; the divinity of its founder, the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures—so long the doctrine of hell remained unchallenged. The Protestant reformers had not the courage to go so far as to strike out that from their list; but as the work of Protestantism has gone on, as its consequences have become logically worked out to their conclusion in rationalism, this denial has become more and more frequent. If the doctrine of hell is to be overthrown, you must give up the Bible you must give up the divinity of Jesus Christ. And this has been acknowledged very plainly and plumply by at least one individual who has the merit of being candid, whatever other faults he may have. I refer to a gentleman whom I have seen spoken of in the newspapers as Mr. "Bob" Ingersoll. He says, "If we are to overthrow the doctrine of eternal punishment we must get rid of the Bible; therefore, I shall go for the Bible." And he is "going for it" (Laughter) Poor man—perhaps, for eternal punishment too; God help him. My dear friends why does Mr. Ingersoll feel so uncomfortable about the doctrine of eternal punishment? Why are men so uneasy about this matter, so desirous of getting rid of it? For a very simple reason, my friends. It is because this age of ours is one easy-going self-indulgence; it has not the stern, strong force of ages which have gone before it; men are not now as they were, such sturdy thinkers, such hard reasoners—it is an age of triflers; an age of dilletantism; an epicurean age; and men find it very unpleasant to be resting under the pressure of a doctrine which ever-

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lastingly rebukes their selfishness and terrifies their career of pleasure by the ugly spectre of a coming retribution. "Let us get rid of the doctrine of hell, and we shall be perfectly happy as long as we live. Let us eat and drink and be merry and to-morrow we will die and that will be the end of us."

There is one form of the attack upon this doctrine of eternal punishment, which rather amuses than puzzles me, and, that is the

ENLISTING OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM

in the cause. For some time past the spirits seem to have been very uneasy about this doctrine of hell, and have been very anxious to make us all believe that it is only a delusion. The burden of messages which come from the other world now-a-days seems to bear the cheering intelligence that after all the next life is not such a disagreeable state of existence—that there is a serene peace and joy there for all, and messages come as by some spiritual telephone from characters of all kinds, whom the old orthodox faith would have consigned long ago, at least by a very strong probability, to a very different state of existence than that where they now propose to find themselves. They tell us that everything is beautiful and pleasant there; that there are plenty of joys, social, spiritual, intellectual; they tell us not to be afraid, for all will be right when we pass the dark river of death; there is no such thing as hell. Now I say that this testimony of modern spiritualism is to me somewhat amusing. My friends, for myself I really believe that the spirits have a great deal to do with it—the only question is

WHAT KIND OF SPIRITS THEY ARE.

There is of course, a great deal of nonsense and humbug about this business of the manifestations of spirits, but I believe there is a great deal in it that is real, that is preternatural, and that the spirits of the lost, the fallen spirits of hell, are really permitted, to a certain extent, to make use of this

DIABOLICAL CHICANERY

in the attempt to delude a great many poor souls. It is a very old trick of the devil. Before man fell— I speak now as one who assumes the truth of the Christians religion— God threatened retribution. That retribution was to be the death of the body and the death of the soul. Now before the fall of man the Evil One suggested an argument to our first parents, which was only the first presentation of this very same argument that is now reproduced by modern spiritualism. He wanted to take away from our first parents the fear of God's justice, the fear of that impending ruin which had been threatened; therefore he came under a seductive form and he said: "Hath God said that in the day that ye eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil ye shall die? God knoweth that in the day ye eat thereof ye shall become as gods, knowing good and evil. Ye shall not die." And it was by taking away the fear of death that he induced them to eat and to fall. He is now, I believe, endeavoring to take away out of the hearts of men the fear of hell, that, making the way that leads downward smooth and attractive, he may gather in a more abundant harvest of those whom his infernal malice would drag with him into the eternal abyss.

Well, my dear friends, there is one very practical way of looking at this subject, and I wonder that it does not oftener occur to those who seem so much interested in the controversy. It is this that it is impossible for any one to dispose of the doctrine of eternal punishment. You may argue about it as much as you please, but it is impossible to establish the certainty of the opposite proposition viz, that there is no such thing as eternal punishment. Now then, this being so, is it not much better, much wiser, to put it practically, to be, as men say.

"ON THE SAVE SIDE?"

I am reminded of a story which I once heard in the monastery, of a young man of the world who came to visit the convent—a gay, thoughtless young fellow, but still with a good deal of pleasantry

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about him and not without good manners. He was met by an aged father, who took him through the monastery and showed him the relics and various curiosities, and just as he was going the young man said, laughing, "Well father I have seen the refectory where you fast and the choir where you take the discipline, getting up in the cold winter nights to sing the office. You have been here a long time, father, and you have worked hard for your salvation; it has been a hard life for you. Now, father wouldn't it be a rather bad joke on you if you should wake up after all and find there was no heaven!" (Laughter).

"My son," said the old man, "would it not be a bad thing for you if you should wake up and find, alas! that there *was* a hell!" Ah! my dear friends, indeed this is no joking matter. There *is* a hell, I say this as a priest; I speak to you as Catholics; there is a hell, and the punishment thereof is eternal. This is Catholic faith; this must be believed. You as Catholics need no proof of this; it is sufficient that the Church teaches for you to believe; nevertheless in appearing before you to-night, I would wish to speak not as a preacher, but as a lecturer, to try and show you as well as I can the

REASONABLENESS OF THE DOCTRINE

how it harmonizes with that natural light of reason which God has given us, and how also it is inseparably bound up with all that goes to make life most dear and the future bright with hope. I have stated the Catholic doctrine already, and I have stated it in its fullest extent; that is, all the Church has defined concerning the doctrine of hell—that there is a hell and that the punishment is eternal. Yet there are other truths, others directly defined by the Church or universally accepted by the faithful which have a bearing on this subject. The first is this: that God condemns no man unless he deserves it; that no one is lost except through his own fault; that no one therefore can suffer eternal punishment unless he willfully and obstinately chooses so to do. Now, my dear friends, you see at the very outset that this doctrine of hell contains in itself nothing that is inconsistent with right reason. I shall go

further and try to show you that it is absolutely proved by reason, by arguments which are conclusive. If we

ADMIT THAT THERE IS A GOD

at all. He must be an infinite being, personal and free, endowed with all perfection; He created men personal and free, made him to His own image and likeness. Now, then, man having been endowed by his Creator with the gift of free will, was able to sin, for the possibility of sin is involved in the very idea of free will. The origin of evil is, and always has been considered, the most difficult problem in philosophy and in religion; it cannot be solved; I shall not attempt to solve it. It is evident, however, that if God was to create a free being at all, the possibility of sin must be in his very nature, Man did sin; evil entered into God's universe; the order of creation was disturbed. Now, God found Himself, if I may use this language, found Himself in the face of a difficulty for the first time. There was a new problem to be solved; a new attribute of the divine nature was called into exercise; hitherto only the goodness of God and the power of God had been displayed, but when man sinned then

JUSTICE

began to act. And what is justice? Justice is the hatred of evil; justice is the arm which defends goodness: justice is goodness; they are not different attributes, but rather the same attribute viewed from different sides, for as goodness creates and preserves, so justice defends. Justice is that which secures the work of God, which gives the law of God its perpetuity, its stability; its divine sanction. What is meant by the sanction of a law? It is that penalty which gives to the law its security; it is that which compels obedience to the law; that without which law would have no force. Now, then, the laws of God which govern this moral universe must have a sanction; if it were not so, the moral creation would fall in an instant into irreparable chaos and disorder; God would have shown Him-

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self without wisdom in creating. And thus wisdom, goodness and justice—all three identical in the same Divine presence—combined together in the work of creation. Moreover, the justice of God demands that the punishment attached to willful and persistent sin should be an eternal punishment. This is really the most important part of the subject—

THE ETERNITY OF THE PUNISHMENT!

“My dear friends, beginnings and conclusions must necessarily be eternal: that is to say a beginning is eternal, it has an eternity before it, otherwise it would not be a beginning; a conclusion is eternal, otherwise it would not be a conclusion. Outside of God there must be a beginning and a conclusion to all things. God has neither beginning nor end; His eternity is different from all other eternities, it is an infinite, present existence, but to everything else there is a beginning and an end, and the moral order there must cause an end and that end must, of necessity, be eternal, otherwise it would not be an end. When God placed man in the moral order, and gave him an opportunity to use his free will—in other words, when He put Him on probation. There must of necessity have been an end to that probation, and that end was eternal; there was a point beyond which probation ceased, and the state in which man found himself at the end of his probation must be a fixed and an eternal state, either for good or for evil. There is only one escape from this beginning—and that is not an escape. It is by holding that the end of our probation is in other words, the end of our present life—is

ANNIHILATION.

But this would neither be punishment sufficient to secure the obedience of man, nor to vindicate the justice of God. Annihilation would be a punishment it is true, but a punishment so light that men would even desire it—men have desired it. To cease to be—to cease forever—oh! yes, this is what men, who are tired of sinning, have desired and longed for; it would be an escape from

God a safe, and triumphant elusion of His justice. The sinner could be victorious over God. Moreover, it would be an ending which would overthrow the entire doctrine concerning the eternity of man's existence, the immortality of his soul, for if annihilation followed in the one case, it would follow necessarily in another, and if there be no eternal death, then there is no eternal life: if fear is removed from the human heart, so also would hope be taken away. No, the only logical conclusion of a moral probation is an eternity of existence either for happiness or for misery. So much for the general statement of doctrine and its proof.

I propose, my dear friends, during the time that is left us, to look at this Catholic doctrine a little closer—to analyze it—and I think we shall find that not only in its first grand affirmation but also in all its details it is a reasonable doctrine, that it is borne out by the testimony of our instinct, of our conscience, and by all those analogies which make us hope for future happiness. The loss of the soul according to received Catholic doctrine, is total and entire; it is

THE LOSS OF GOD;

and that involves the loss of all happiness. Just as the attainment of God is perfect beatitude, bliss unalloyed, so the failure to attain to our destined end involves misery, unmixed, absolute; and just as God destines us for the beatitude of all powers, both of soul and of body, so the loss of God involves the suffering of all our faculties, both of soul and of body, and just in proportion as a man has sinned by his faculties, the faculties of his soul and the senses of his body, so far shall he be punished; his punishment shall be adjusted by the infinite wisdom of God which knows all things, and His justice which regulates all things. God has created us for a beatitude which "it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive," and it is only when we contemplate the bliss of heaven that we really comprehend at all the misery of hell; it is by contact with the light that the darkness becomes visible. God created us for the beatitude of our bodily senses, my dear friends

as well as of the faculties of our souls. He has given us those exquisite organs of sense which enable us now to appreciate the beautiful, as an intimation, a foretaste of that uncreated in beauty which we are one day to behold and enjoy. He gave us

THE SENSE OF SIGHT,

and there shall be a beatitude of this sense of sight hereafter. We read in Holy Scripture of the vision of God, the vision of the King in His beauty: "My eyes shall see the King in His beauty," "My eyes shall behold Him, but not now." And here in this visible creation God has given us intimations of His beauty and of His glory—in the beauty of the sunrise and of the evening; the beauty of waters that sparkle on a starry night; the beauty of the flower that pushes itself up beneath the mossy stone; the beauty of the human countenance; the majesty of that royal form which God created to be King over His creatures; beauty indescribable, lavished scattered every where—all this God gave us only to remind us of Himself, and all this compared with the glory of the hereafter is but the smoke before the fire, but the first streak of dawn before the break of day. Oh, my friends, is it unreasonable to believe that if we abuse this sense of sight which God has given us; if we prostitute it to look upon scenes which sully and stain the soul, which bear it as by a hot iron, that the sense of sight shall be punished with what Holy Scripture calls the "storm of darkness forever," the exterior, outer darkness of hell? God gave us not merely the sense of sight but that delicately moulded organ whereby enter those

SWEET SOUNDS WHICH BEGET HARMONY

in the soul. God intends this sense of hearing also for an eternal enjoyment. We read of the alleluias which echo through eternity; of the sweet songs that are sung by the blessed in heaven. And here in this life all the music of nature comes to us only to remind us of that which is divine and eternal, and which we may enjoy

in its plentitude hereafter—the whisper of the wind through the forest trees; the laughter of the waves upon the shore; the songs of the birds at dawn of day; the intricate melodies of song—all these do but reminds us of something indescribable which is to be. My dear friends, is it unreasonable to suppose that if we abuse this sense of hearing, divinely given us, to listen to words that drop like scorching pitch upon the soul, defiling and staining it; if into the ears of others we pour our vile words of impurity and shame, our scorching, blistering words of hate and anger and cruelty, our blasphemous words against God, His justice and His mercy, is it unreasonable to suppose that we shall be punished hereafter by sounds of “weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth,” in that abode where no more kind or gentle or hopeful word shall come forever and forever? There is another sense.

THE SENSE OF TASTE,

and God has dignified this sense in a degree above all others. Here, in the time of our mortal life, God has given us a banquet which is really a divine foretaste of the heavenly banquet, the marriage supper of the Lamb. Upon our poor tongues He comes to-day Himself; He gives us as, our very food and drink, His own precious body and blood. Oh! is it unreasonable to believe that if we prostitute this divinely dignified sense of taste to self-indulgence, gluttony, beastility and drunkenness, we shall be punished hereafter by that hunger and thirst which shall consume forever. There is still another sense,

THE SUBTLE SENSE OF TOUCH;

a sense which is not local like the others; which is not confined to any one organ, but pervades the whole body. Oh! my friends, are there not many who know only too well that quick-fire of passion, that fierce, burning heat which courses through the veins, and mounts up to the temples, and seems to set all nature aflame with the fire of an impure desire. Oh! my friends, it is not unreasonable

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to believe in the fire of hell if we see it almost actually begun in this life. And I have seen men who seemed to be literally on fire within. No, my friends, even in that which is most revolting to the fastidious intellects of our day, the pain of sense, there is nothing that is contrary to sound reason, nor to that which our natural hopes and fears would lead us to expect.

When we come to consider that which is the real essential pain of hell, we may find it more difficult to speak intelligibly, and yet there is more which, to my mind, inspires well grounded terror: I know that it is more common to dwell upon the sensible torments of hell; they are better appreciated by those who live ordinary lives and are not accustomed to think much upon spiritual matters; but I really think that there is more that begets horror and affright in that which is philosophically and theologically the essential pain of hell—which is the pain of loss. It is

THE PAIN OF THE SOUL.

Let us see what this pain means. I have said that no man is lost except by his own fault, because he deliberately chooses to be lost. Sin is the deliberate turning away of the soul from God—aversion from the Unchangeable Good. It is not God who changes, it is the soul, it is man who changes, who turns away from God; so that mortal sin is, as St Thomas affirms "*aversio ab incommutabili bono.*" And the soul which turns away finally, turns away forever; for, my dear friends, it is impossible for us to turn back to God of our own selves. He is infinite, and we are finite; and having gone away from Him, He must draw us back by His will. We cannot reach Him without His help; and this help we call grace. But the very idea of probation implies a fixed limit to grace, and determines a point where liberty of act on in this matter is impossible. When God has waited until His justice demands that He wait no longer, He withdraws and the soul left to itself, having passed the boundary of its probation remains fixed forever, turned away from God—turned away in all its faculties. Now as we consider the punishment of the senses of the body, let us dwell for a—while upon the punish-

ment of the senses of the body, let us dwell for a while upon the punishment of the soul—the loss of God in the three faculties of understanding, will, and memory. It is by his

INTELLECT,

that first, divine, God-like faculty, that man is destined to know God. The beatific vision is the direct, immediate comprehension of God by the intellect when by the light of glory we shall see Him, the veil having been withdrawn. Since, therefore, man was created to enjoy God to possess Him by his intellect, to lose Him forever must be a pain infinite and indescribable. Oh, my dear friends, at present we are able in some measure to distract ourselves from the thought of God. We were created to know Him, to see Him, and if we do not we are unhappy,

WE ARE RESTLESS EVEN IN THIS LIFE.

“Thou hast made us O, Lord! for Thyself, and our souls are restless until they rest in Thee” Yet now we are able to distract ourselves from God, and some do not realize what it is to have lost Him even temporally and partially. We have our business, our pleasures, we have our daily routine of duties, our newspapers, our books our conversations, our lectures our dissipations, and so we go on day after day with a continual, incessant distraction and never think of God. Alas! my friends, if the time should come, if it should come to any of us, when there shall be nothing to distract us from God and that we should find that we had lost Him—lost Him, for whom we were created—and that our heart, which was so vast that nothing but God could fill it, is left empty and desolate forever—left empty as the bed of the ocean might be left if its waters were to be dried up and that great yawning abyss should remain there forever, a ghastly depth, covered over with dead; decaying remains of mighty monsters and rotting rubbish! Even so the soul from which God has gone away forever is a horrid void, filled only with the carcasses of

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DEAD HOPES, DEAD JOYS, DEAD DESIRES,

dead memories. Terrible indeed must it be to have lost God forever, and know it.

Dear friends, we were created not merely to know God but to love him, to love him with all our strength, with all our soul, and our happiness is inseparably united with the exercise of that power of loving, and it is only when we love to the uttermost, love with the full strength of this divine faculty of the will that we shall be completely happy. We are capable of loving God with a love which may well be called infinite, but if our will is turned away from God forever, it is fixed in unalterable and

UNUTTERABLE HATE.

Horrid truth! There are men who even now live on in the hatred of God—the hatred of all that is good, hatred of God's mercy; hatred of all which He did in order to display His mercy; hatred of all means of grace which He has given us in order to attain unto the fullness of His love; hatred of the cross and of Him who died upon it, hatred of His Blessed Mother and of His dear saints; hatred of the sacraments; hatred of the wounds, and of all the blood that fell from the wounds of Jesus! But what would it be to be left forever, fixed forever in the indescribable malice of such a hate as this!

I think we shall be able to comprehend somewhat more easily, at least more vividly, the suffering which the lost endure by the faculty of their memory.

The memory might well be called the photographic power of the soul; that is to say, it is that faculty which receives and retains impressions. It is power infinitely minute, capable of receiving impressions with an infinitesimal accuracy, a microscopic nicety. We only see, in general, the rough outlines of the pictures of memory; but now and then we have a proof of how delicate its susceptibilities are, and how far its possibilities extend. There is nothing which ever happened to us, which was ever spoken to us, no thought which ever crossed our brain, which is really, absolutely, hopelessly forgotten. The picture which in an instant was seized

and taken may have passed out of sight, may have been lost for awhile in the background somewhere, in some dark corner, some attic of our memory, but it is there still and capable of reproduction. Think then, my friends, what must be the indescribable torture of those before whose intellectual vision the whole past shall be spread out, distinct, unalterable, with nothing to hinder them from going over it all, from beginning to end backwards and forwards, forwards and backwards, through all eternity! The memory of all that God ever did for them—all the opportunities which He ever bestowed upon them; all the graces with which He ever assisted and enticed them; all the illumination by which He desired to awaken them; all the warnings whereby He sought to avert them from their self-elected doom, all there! and so there that the soul cannot help beholding them. It is not merely that the soul is able to see all this, but it cannot help seeing it. You have read of the punishment which was inflicted by the Carthaginians upon the Roman General, Regulus, when they cut off his eyelids and laid him bound upon the sands of the desert so that he might gaze and gaze, without relief, up into that burning African sky. More terrible than this must be the spectacle of the past as it presses upon the vision of the lost. Remember, also, that it is not alone the memory of which is deformed and dark, but of that also which is beautiful, which gives pain, and the greatest pain. What is it which gives the deepest the most incommunicable anguish in this life! It is not the memory of a lost joy! There is pain in looking back upon that which is amazingly beautiful, because its beauty is gone forever, "O touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still!" From how many human hearts such a cry goes up from day to day. There is many a lost wanderer this night upon your streets who looks back, not who does not look back, who does not dare to look back, because it is so hopelessly, so mockingly beautiful. Go and speak to that poor girl who waits for the night to cover her shame as she slinks along the street. Go to her; ask her if she remembers the time when she knelt at her mother's knee; if she remembers the days when the blue sky seemed so near and the birds sang so sweetly in the morning, and when she laughed

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with her brother at play. Ask her if she remembers the church and her first communion, when she went up to the altar-rail in her little white dress, and the veil which was not more pure than her young heart; ask her when the priest came down from the altar and for the first time held the Holy of Holies upon her lips; ask her if she remembers such things, and how will she answer you? Ah! if she listens, if she stops to listen to you, she will answer not in words, but falling down, will weep her anguish at your feet (Sensation.) Yes, the thought of that which was lovely in the past becomes a torture, if that past is a lost past. Even so, the memory of all dear scenes, of all beloved companions, of all the hopes, the opportunities, the glorious possibilities, of a life which has closed hopelessly will be a torment to the lost soul for all eternity. What, for instance, would be the recollection of such a mission as that in which we are now engaged, the echo of the message of God's gentleness and long suffering—the memory of the Crucifix, beneath which I stand, the phantom of Our Lord Jesus Christ nailed to the Cross, with His hands and feet bleeding, the last drop issuing from his pierced side! There will be no crucifix in hell. It will be only a memory—a memory which will pierce forever the souls of those for whom He died in vain.

My dear friends, I have come to my end, and I find waiting for me at the end the most pathetic thought. I have spoken of the memory of the Crucifixion. It will not be a memory without reproach. Let me ask you, is it a meaningless picture now? Was it a meaningless sacrifice when it was accomplished upon Calvary? If you wish an argument for the truth of eternal punishment, I point you to it there. Do you believe that He who came down from heaven and was born of a virgin, and who died upon a cross, do you believe that He was God? Do you? If you do, tell me do you think He suffered all that for naught? Did God stoop to such a lavish display of love, such a waste of extravagant passion, all to point a dramatic tale to adorn a divine romance? No, my dear friends, if there is no hell there was no need for God to become man; there was no need for God to be scourged at a pillar, to be crowned with thorns and nailed to a cross; there is no meaning in the death of

Jesus Christ. Ah! my beloved, look at that pitiable form; behold Him as He rests there dead in Mary's lap at the foot of the Cross with His arms still open as if to invite poor sinners to His embrace. Look at Him, and look at her in her maternal woe, desolate, with eyes that look at Him and see Him not — look at Him and look at her if you would know something of the reality of hell. What must it be, that a God should go so far to save us from it! Undeceive yourselves, my friends. God has loved you from all eternity. And love is not an idle game. One cannot with impunity be loved by a God.

